1/24/72

Dear Mary,

Glad you and Buck had so good a time and got back well. I'm also glad you didn't get to see Joesten. If you don't know it, believe me, please, he is a fakir and a crook in every way, from a cheap one with money to the literary. To the best of my knowledge he doesn't even have the 26. If he has, it is new. He makes things up and is one of the major causes of our lack of credibility. And so far as how cheap a crook he is, let me tell you: He wrote and asked me for WW, by air, because he was going on Vacation, saying he'd send his new book in exchange. Then he wrote to say he'd heard of my second, could I please rush that. In air postage alone this cost me $10 I have yet to get back. Then I got one of his books only, printed in German, the Swiss edition! What the hell good could that have done me? He never sent me any of his English editions. But I was asked by the man who was considering distributing Oswald The Truth (ugh!) in this country to give it a critical reading, and I did. I was stunned. It is improvisation, fancy and outright theft that is then distorted in what J regards as his own unique genius, kinda like an offbeat Manchester. There was an excuse for this kind of wild stuff before there was a Report, but once we had access to official information, it just can't be excused. Nor can the lack or morality, on may grounds. Please don't even send him anything. If he doesn t misuse it you and we will be lucky, for he has an incredibly aparnoid view of everything When he is sincere, and I can t find the dividing line. He reaches nobody, so anything he does can't do any good. And the only times he ever gets attention it is a disaster, like his saying that LBJ did it-when LBJ was still President. That lind on think on an editor's desk here means the end of any serious consideration of authentic work. And it is really worse than this. I've seen enough of his newsletters to know. When he is not so far off he is only repeating what is public anyway, so there is no good that can come of it.

Enclosed is the letter I finally got around to writing Henry. I'm sending it to you only. I'll let you know if and when I get what. I've gotten nothing since I was there.

I have made more progress than I've been able to tell you on the Lattimer thing. I'll be adding an epilogue on it to PM, which may never get printed, but that addition will do more than make the book larger and printing more expensive. It is a magnificient weaving together of everything I have said and charged. All the rest of the writing I had to do is done. The question now is when can Lil find time to retype it. It is not that much, tho.

I hope today to learn whether the posting of corrections on the introduction is too much for the left hand. I don't believe it is, but the thumb is beginning to feel the jarring from typing. It is clean and seemingly healed, but there also seems to be a slight separation at the lips. It is, in fact, shaped like a long and broad smile. I've tightched the adhesive that hold both lips together and added a specond splint to keep it from opening from top to bottom, but I do feel some lateral strain, and I wonder if that is what seems to have caused this slight surface separation. There is no scab.

I have been thinking about whay the bank vice-presidents turned off so fast and the xlosest thing to an explanation I can find is that they are, as I told you I thought, on the liberal side and they know Sue, who was kind enough to pick me up that day when it was raining so hard. This may be wrong, but if they hold the politics I think at least one does, and they did recognize her, I think they might have been just afraid.

Nothing really new. Best to you all.

Sincerely,